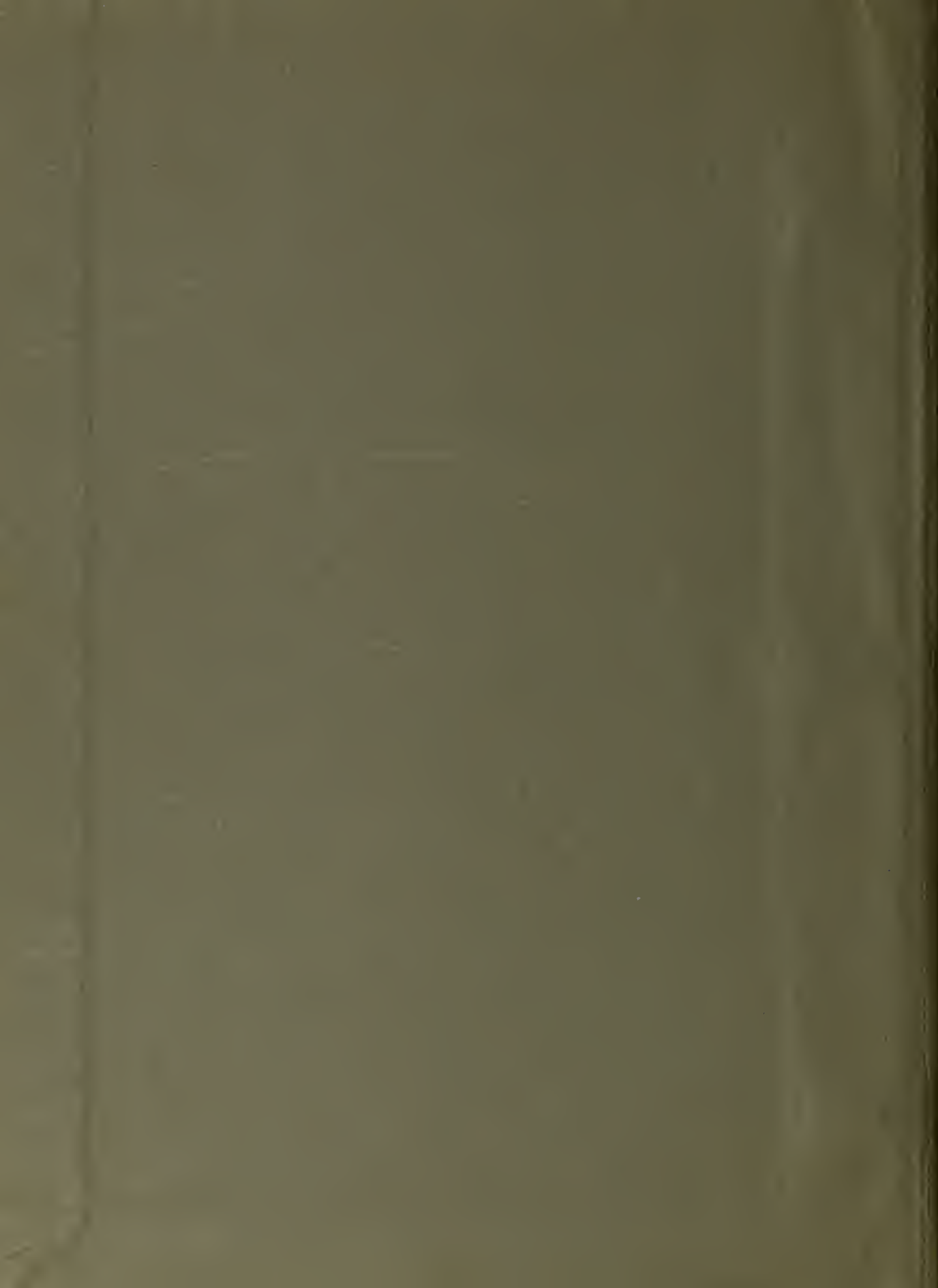
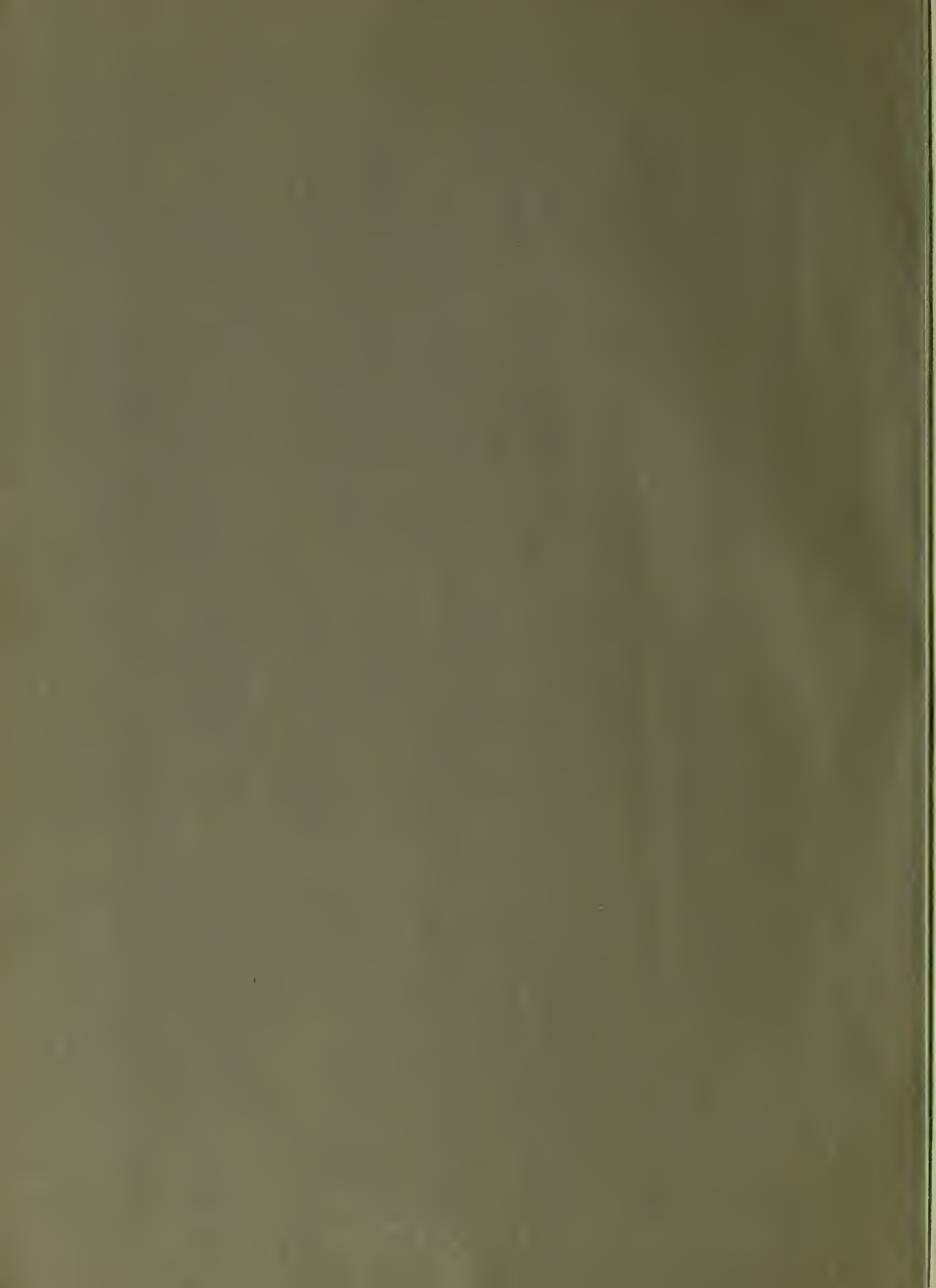




THE
GREEN BOOK
1934







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The GREEN BOOK

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1934

First Issue

- *Freshmen*
- *Rhetoric Class*

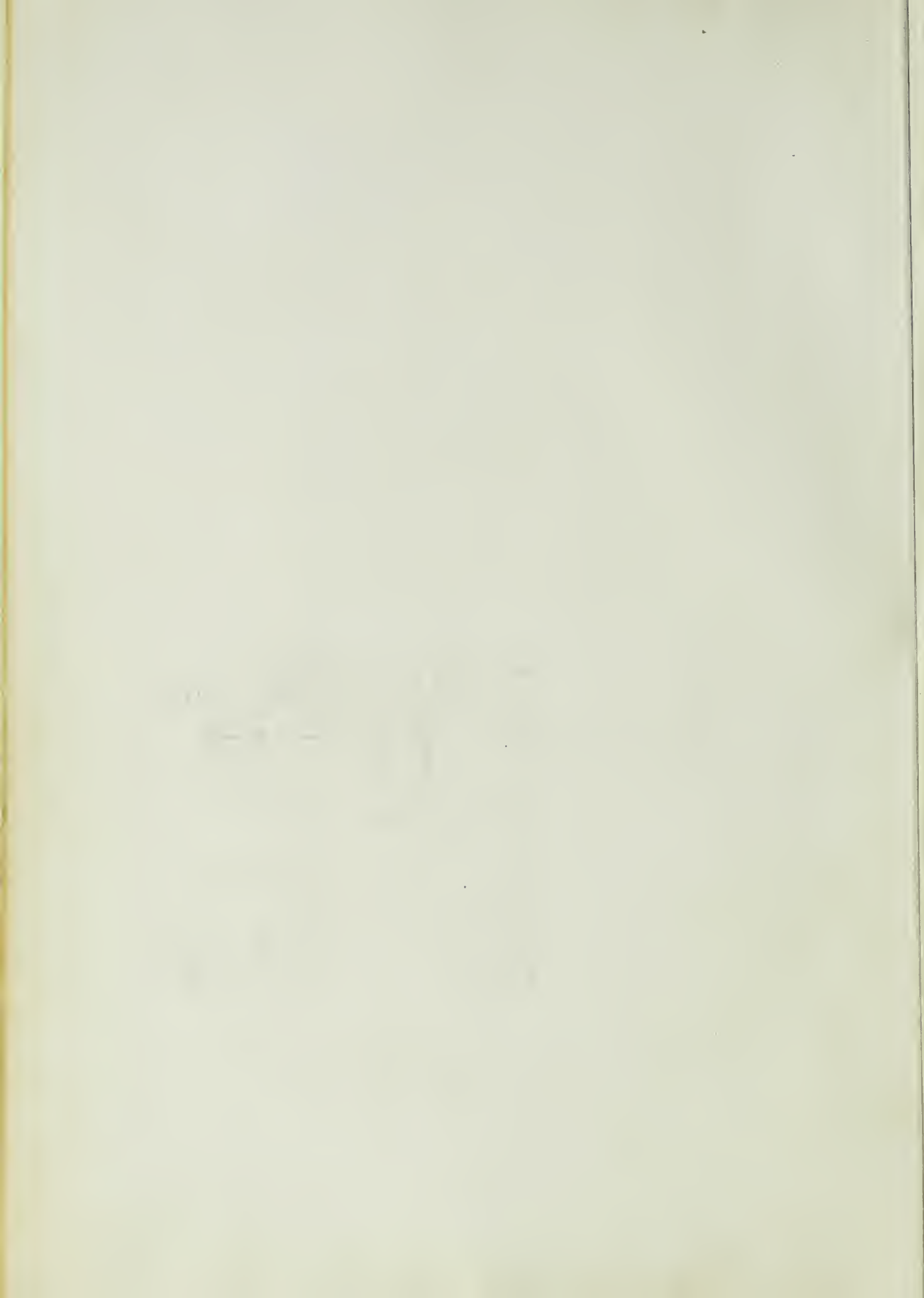


TO
J. Melvin Griffin

OUR CLASS ADVISOR AND DEAN OF MEN, EFFICIENT
LEADER AND LOYAL FRIEND, WHO BY HIS NOBLE
LIFE IS A CONSTANT SOURCE OF INSPIRATION
TO ALL OF US, WE THE FRESHMAN CLASS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATE

THIS FIRST VOLUME OF THE *Green Book*



Green Book Staff

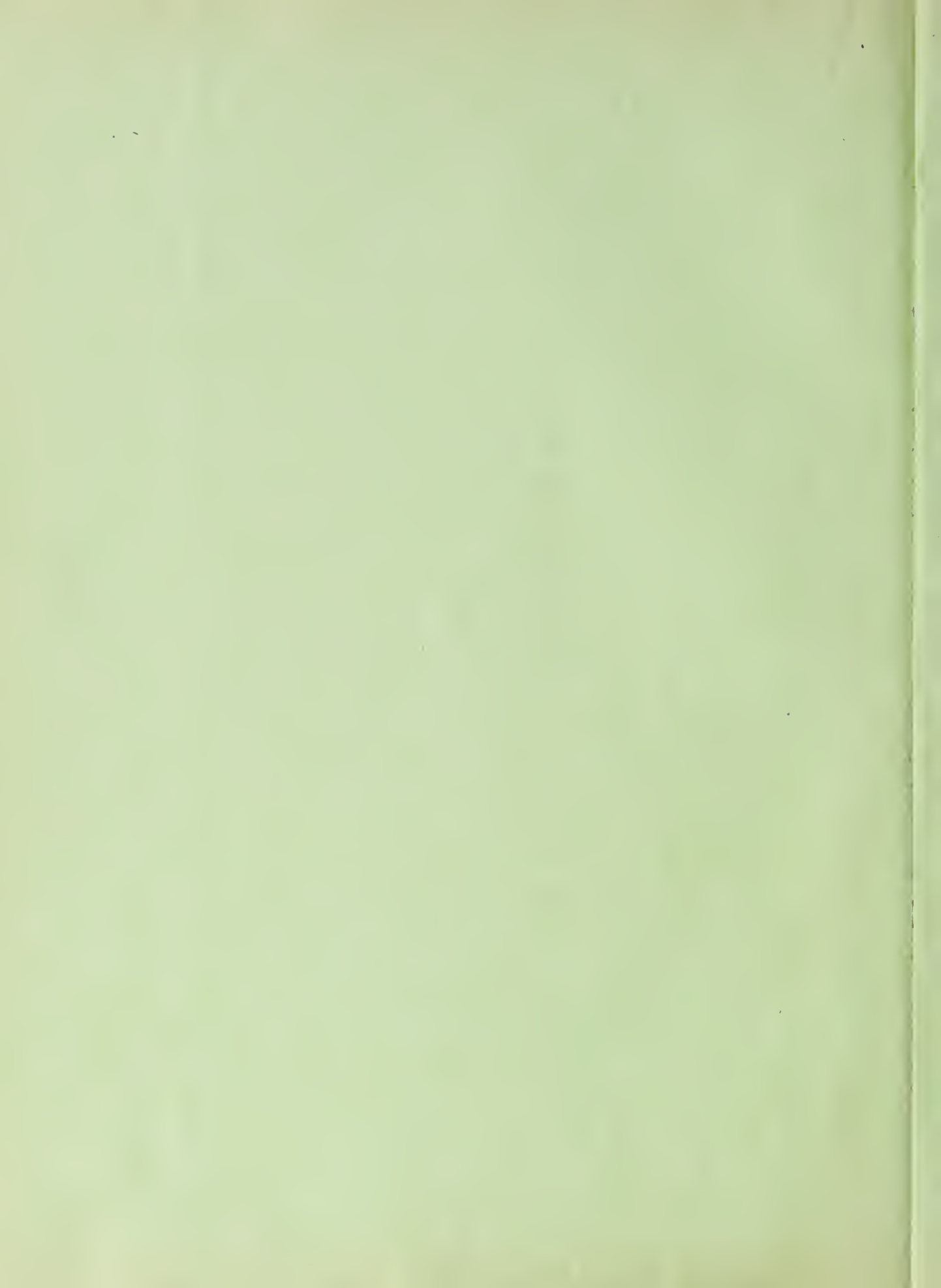


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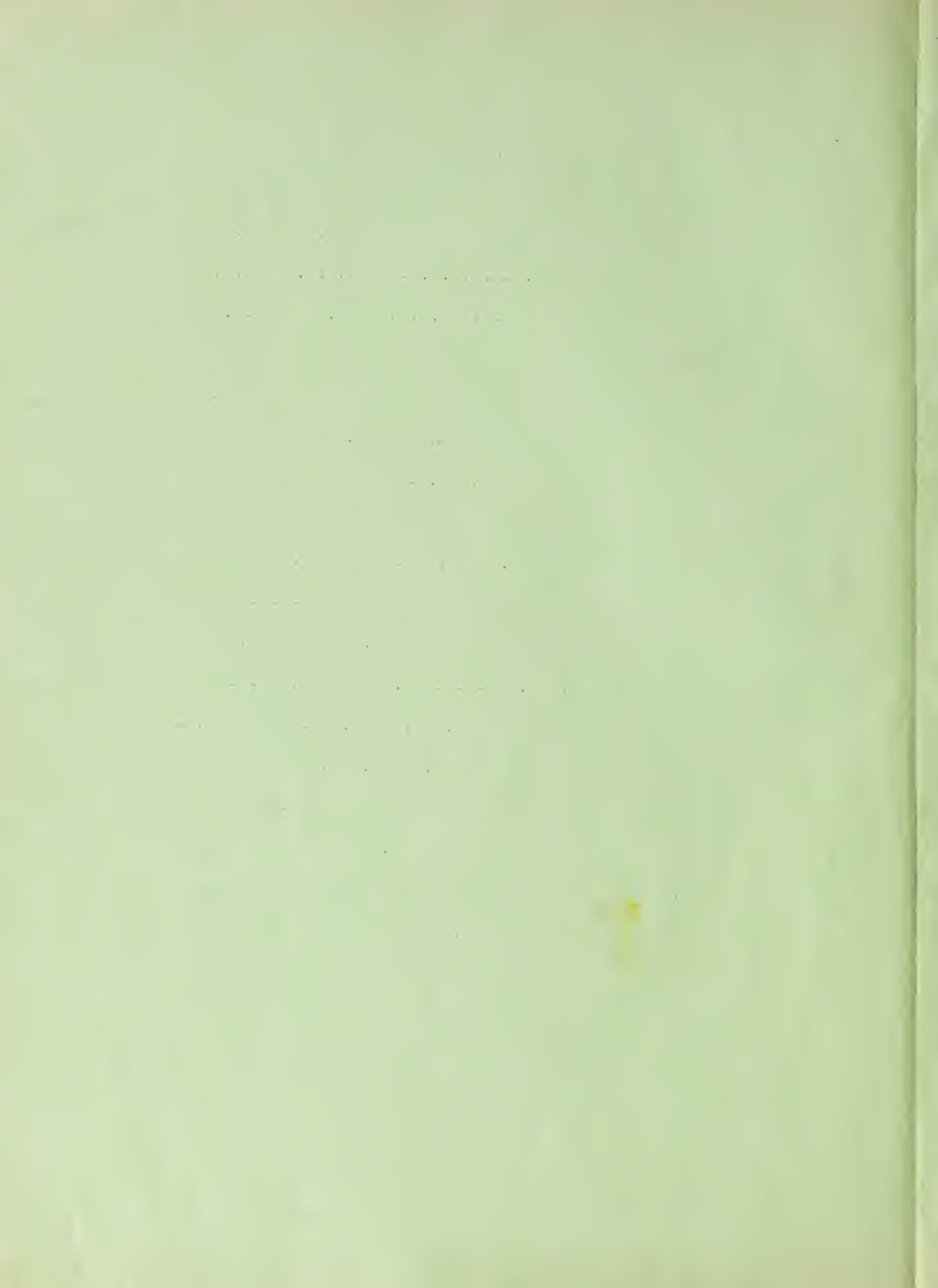
FOREWORD

We, the members of the Freshman Rhetoric Classes, have had the greatest of pleasure in the production of the first Green Book of 1934. We sincerely hope that you obtain as much enjoyment from reading it as we have from compiling the themes in book form.



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onlends



It seems but yesterday that we walked into the "Ad" building and registered for a semester of intellectual labor. These past two months seem like a dream. We have done hard work and yet have experienced many memorable events, which we shall remember for the remainder of our lives.

It was yesterday that we walked from our old life into the new realms of college life. We came from under the nose of the teachers who were always telling us what to do and what not to do, into the responsibilities of taking care of ourselves. We are relieved of the restricted time limits of the school day.

In general, we have faced an entirely new situation; and, we have faced it courageously. May our only desire and goal be a graduating class with as close to ninety as might be possible, with no one losing his courage and dropping out along this "Royal Road to Graduation".

diloria



Freshmen
Dottings



My Introduction to E. N. C.

HE

first time I came upon the E. N. C. campus was one evening when dinner was in session. No one was in sight. Suddenly from nowhere appeared a young lady.

"I am Miss Fischer, a member of the Reception Committee, and I take this opportunity to welcome you," she said.

"I am greatly pleased to meet you," I replied. "I am Mr. Ward, from Ohio."

"I imagine you would like some dinner. Leave your suit-case and come with me," said Miss Fischer.

I followed promptly and on arriving at the foot of the stairs, was greeted by the clatter of silverware and dishes mingled with the sounds of voices and laughter.

"Right this way." Miss Fischer directed me to a table.

"Mr. Ward, I would like to have you meet Mr. So-and-so from Here-and-there, Miss Someone-or-other from the Other Place," (at least that is the way I remembered it) and on around the table until everyone knew my name, and I knew no one's.

I was then seated and among questions and laughter I was able to finish the meal.

After dinner Miss Fischer rushed me over



to another building, where she left me on the porch while she went to find the Dean. While I was waiting, I was approached by a young man with a large group of papers at which he was looking rather studiously.

Immediately the question arose in my mind, "Is he a student or a visitor? Or perhaps, he may be a professor." He seemed rather young to be a professor and yet he seemed a little too intelligent looking to be a student, so I decided to let the question drop, as, if he might be a professor, I would learn soon enough. Suddenly, he noticed me and came to where I was.

"I am Dean Griffen. I don't believe I have met you yet," he said courteously.

"I am Mr. Ward, from Youngstown, Ohio, and I have been waiting here until Miss Fischer found you, but I believe she has failed to do so."

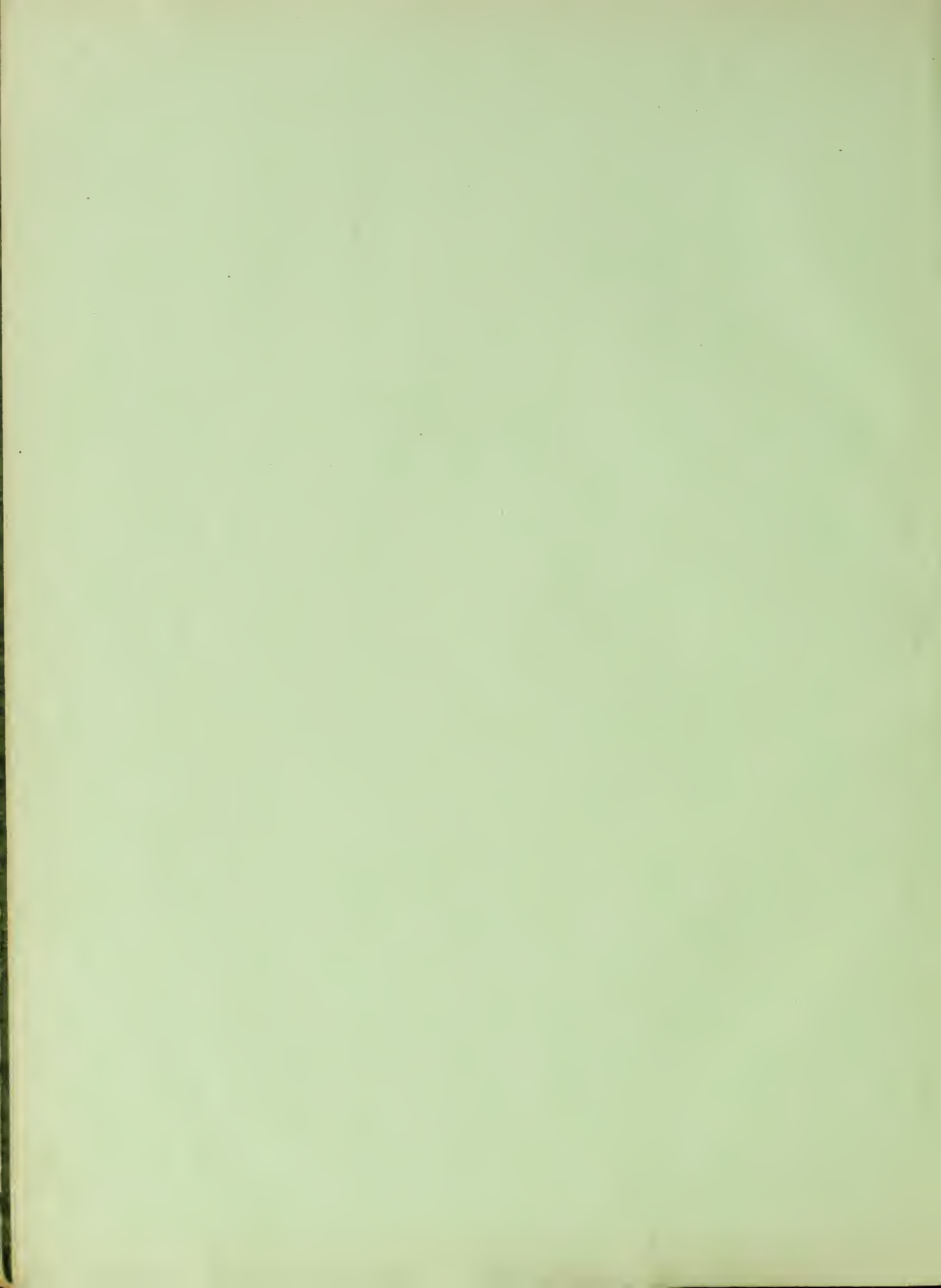
"You probably need to fix a bed; so we had better get you to your temporary room," the Dean said.

We went to a building, which I immediately recognized as the Cardboard Palace, and up to the second floor.

"Here is the room in which you are to sleep until permanent assignments are made," he told me.

What a sight, was my thought as the Dean turned on the light. There were pictures and pennants half hanging and half on the floor. In one corner was a pile of glass, apparently from a broken window. Dirt was on the floor and dressers. The mattress was half on the bed and half on the floor. We searched and found no pillow. The





room in general looked as if there had been a tornado turned loose in it.

"I am very sorry that the room is in this condition, but we have not had time to clean any of the rooms in the rush of all the new students and their parents and other visitors. I will have to leave you now and get someone else a bed for the night," he said to me. "Good night, Mr. Ward."

"Good night," I replied.

I arranged the bed with what material I had brought with me. In a very short time I was ready to go to bed and sleep as only an exhausted boy can after his first arrival at College.

Karl H. Ward



Popularizing Philosophy

STOOD

scanning the booksellers' advertisements hanging on all sides of the news stand. An Introduction to Philosophy was piling up colossal sales; the publisher even went so far as to say that ere long it would reach the half-million mark.

I was transfixed with wonder. Our poor, stumbling nation has tried every kind of method to clear away the debris of the horrible depression. How had the great public been given the solutions of philosophy? On my way out of the Subway I pondered what would be the effect upon the peace and wisdom of the world from analytic and synthetic processes of thought.

I called a taxi and sat in the back, trying to read the evening paper. The road soon became too rough to allow reading; so I leaned forward and addressed the driver. "How far is it to Readville?"

"I can't rightly say. We used to call it eight miles from the drinking fountain in front of the A and P store. But conceptual space is so very different from the space of sense experience that a fellow doesn't know whether the category of space is valid for the external world. Space is, you know, according to Bertrand Russel, only the mutual apartness of objects."



"Never mind, please!" I begged. "What time do you think we should hit Readville?"

"That's another beg question. What do you mean by time? Is it the perceived sequence of events? If so it is grounded in the mind. Hence the future, unperceived by the mind, cannot exist. I really fear that we'll never reach Readville."

"But I've got to see my lawyer there at 10:15, and it's ten now," I muttered.

"It's ten now, is it? Then you believe that the present exists. Time then is complete in itself. I do not agree with you. I hold with Kant that it is only a Phenomenon. However, I think Plato was quite right in saying that every occurrence is a true realization of the absolute idea, the Universal."

The taxi, by this time half way off the concrete, jounced over a boulder near the embankment at the side.

"Is anything real? Berkeley and Hume both said that the world is only an idea in my mind. See that draw-bridge ahead! Supposing it exists, is it what it appears to be? Is it more? If not where is it when there is no mind to perceive it? I wonder, do you really exist? My conclusion is---probably not."

The taxi, at sixty miles an hour, dashed from one side of the road to the other, and I began to wonder how much longer I should live.

The driver pursued. "You may call me a solipsist----."



"I wasn't going to call you a solipsist. As a matter of fact what I was going to call you was a -----."

"But only through solipsism can we arrive at the Universal. And if the Universal goes, what is left but despair?"

The driver flung his arms far apart in a gesture of despair. I shut my eyes and we veered off the road and tipped over in the ditch. I picked myself up, but the driver lay unconscious. After a time he opened his eyes.

"Did anything happen in the sensory world?" he whispered.

"Everything's all right," said a service man who had been examining the car, "but your universal's busted."

"The Universal's busted!" groaned the driver. He uttered a great cry and passed away.

Albert R. Martin



My Goldfish

You're beautiful with your golden silky coat,---and as you play you make silvery little ripples dance in the water. Your beauty and grace adds happiness to my room even when it is dark and dreary outside.

But why do you make me shudder so when I pick you up? You feel slimy and cold; and all your beauty is gone.

Horio J. Marple



The Long Trail

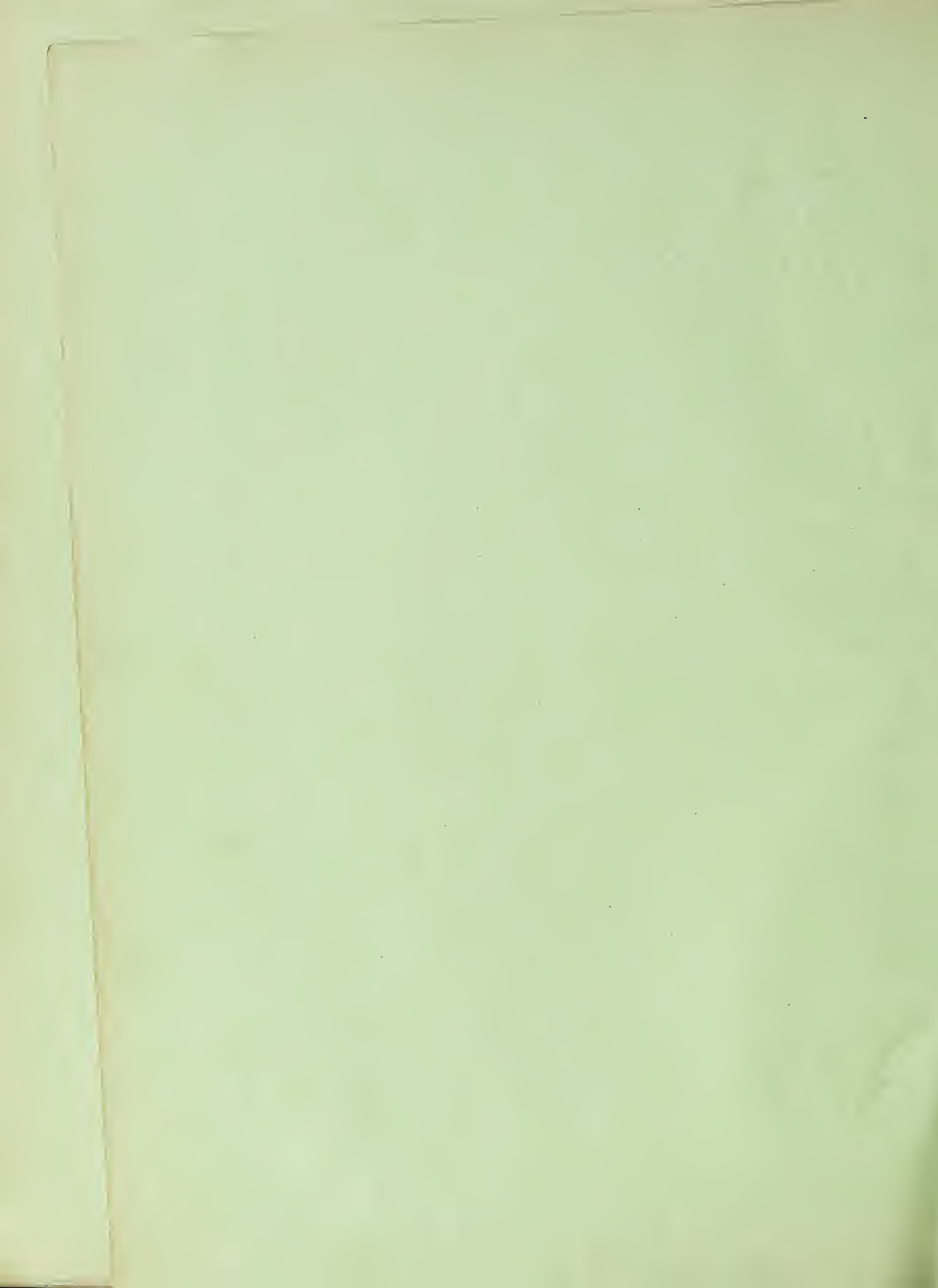


KNOW of no form of enjoyment - adventure, if you like - that is more interesting and profitable than following the Long Trail, which traverses the Green Mountain range of Vermont from the Massachusetts line to the Canadian border. Very appropriately it is called "a footpath through the wilderness," for nowhere can you find anything more like a forest primeval than in the Green Mountains. Ever winding in and out among the hills, dipping now and again into the valleys, and skirting the edges of gleaming lakes, is the Long Trail.

Hiking on the Long Trail is not a tame affair - not a gentle diversion. There are elements in it to command the interest of everyone. In travelling strange and difficult paths I have met high adventure. I have been impressed with awe and a sense of grandeur when I beheld massive rock cliffs. I have known the ennobling and inspiring thrill of standing upon wind-swept heights. Blind must be the man who can see no beauty nor attraction in this woodland trail.

I like the trail in early summer, when all nature is clad in a rich, soothing green. I like to stand and look away across the radiant green hills that sweep out toward the horizon and fade at last into an uncertain blue where earth meets sky.





Over my head a robin will sing jubilantly and somewhere a cricket will be sawing on his shrill fiddle. It is wonderful to feel, in the soft hush of a summer day, that one is far above and beyond the petty rackets of men. The wild solitude seems somehow glorious.

Even better, I think, do I like to be on the trail in autumn, when the frost has changed the colors of the trees. No one who has never seen a Vermont autumn can imagine the amazing profusion of colors with which the hillsides are adorned, for there is nothing quite like it in all the world. There are red, yellow, orange, and gold in every conceivable color and shade, woven and mingled together like a tapestry. From any one of the summits along the trail hundreds of square miles of this immense tapestry can be seen. On the heights the air is keen, crisp, invigorating. Squirrels and partridges rustle through the dry leaves. I can find no greater pleasure in a cool, sunny autumn day than to spend it among the glories of the Long Trail.

On any day of the year there are places to go and things to see. Numberless side trails lead to balancing rocks, strange caves, lakes among the clouds, and many other odd and unusual objects. A mountain viewed from a distance is impressive; a mountain seen from within is beautiful.

I like the Long Trail because it gives me an opportunity to lose myself in something greater than myself. It gives me an opportunity to lose my finiteness in infinity, and time in space.

Donald H. Strong





I Lassoed This Thought As It Passed

*I*s it a sign of a strong healthy will to be stubborn and balky? It may be a sign of a strong will in some cases, but not always; in fact, I believe it never is a sign of a healthy one. Sometimes I feel it takes more will power to yield to the discipline of another than it takes to plank your stubborn self in the middle of the road and refuse to move. Stubbornness is a sign of weakness of character.

On the other hand we should be firm when we weigh the matter honestly and conclude that we are in the right. In this case our will should be like the hungry arrow of Powhattan, aimed correctly, and determined to reach the heart of success regardless of the obstacles in the way, rather than like the arrow on the house which is changed by every wind to a new course, and never arrives at any definite goal.

L. Boardman.





Explaining the Pennsylvania Dutchman

HE Pennsylvania Dutchman appears to be a paradox.

He is kind, yet harsh; gentle, though rough; generous and miserly; and friendly and cold. If you ride with him on a trolley car, he'll begin a conversation with you, as though he had always known you. He does it because he does not know you. He asks you where you're going, where you live, where you work, what you like to eat, and when he finds out what your name is, he asks if you're related to "so and so." No. He isn't "nosey." He's interested in you. As you converse, you may reveal something in your life with which he disagrees violently. He begins to "eye" you critically, and loses interest in the developing friendship. Although it would give him great pleasure, he will not argue the matter with you because arguments get him so excited that he would rather not indulge in public. Therefore, he simply grows cold and disinterested. He cannot go on without clearing up that difference, and, as he is not in a place where it is convenient to do so, everything must stop there.

The Dutchman is gentle when he knows you are weaker than he. He is soothing when he feels that you need him. But, when he imagines you do not appreciate him, he covers his hurt with a rough and surly manner.

He enjoys being generous as long as you are grateful.



If you fail to express your gratitude, you are a "brutz-bank" (cross-patch), and he won't waste anything more on you.

The Dutchman has a certain moral standard and it's your business to live up to it, if you want him to be kind to you. Otherwise, he is quite harsh in his judgment. He can see only his side of a question. He denies heartily that he is prejudiced. He doesn't know he is.

The Dutch dialect is a mixture of German and English, and if you can't talk it, Mr. Dutchman feels sorry for you, and generously condescends to talk English with you. Vy shuvah! He can talk English choost as goodt as Dutch. It requires a keen imagination to construe his meaning. When a young man said to a lady friend, "I come from Chonestown ovah, and I vork at the "mutter" up. It ain't so werry long that I go so far out aroundt. D'ya vant me fa now?" he meant that he lives in Jonestown, and works in the nut and bolt department of the Bethlehem Steel Company. It hasn't been very long since he went far from home. Does she want him for a regular boy friend, or does she want him only for this evening?

When the Dutchman is convinced he is wrong about anything, he doesn't admit it openly, but quietly, very quietly, changes his mind. He is afraid to admire anything or anybody freely, because it might lead to the display of a tender emotion. He finds it much easier to tell you if he doesn't like something.

Thus, an interesting and lovable personality is concealed beneath a rough coat of stoicism, which, if you are clever and tactful, you can entice him to take off.

Mildred Ruhl



The Sky in Summer

Oh,

Madame Sky, as I lie here gazing into your face, I am reminded of how womanlike you are!

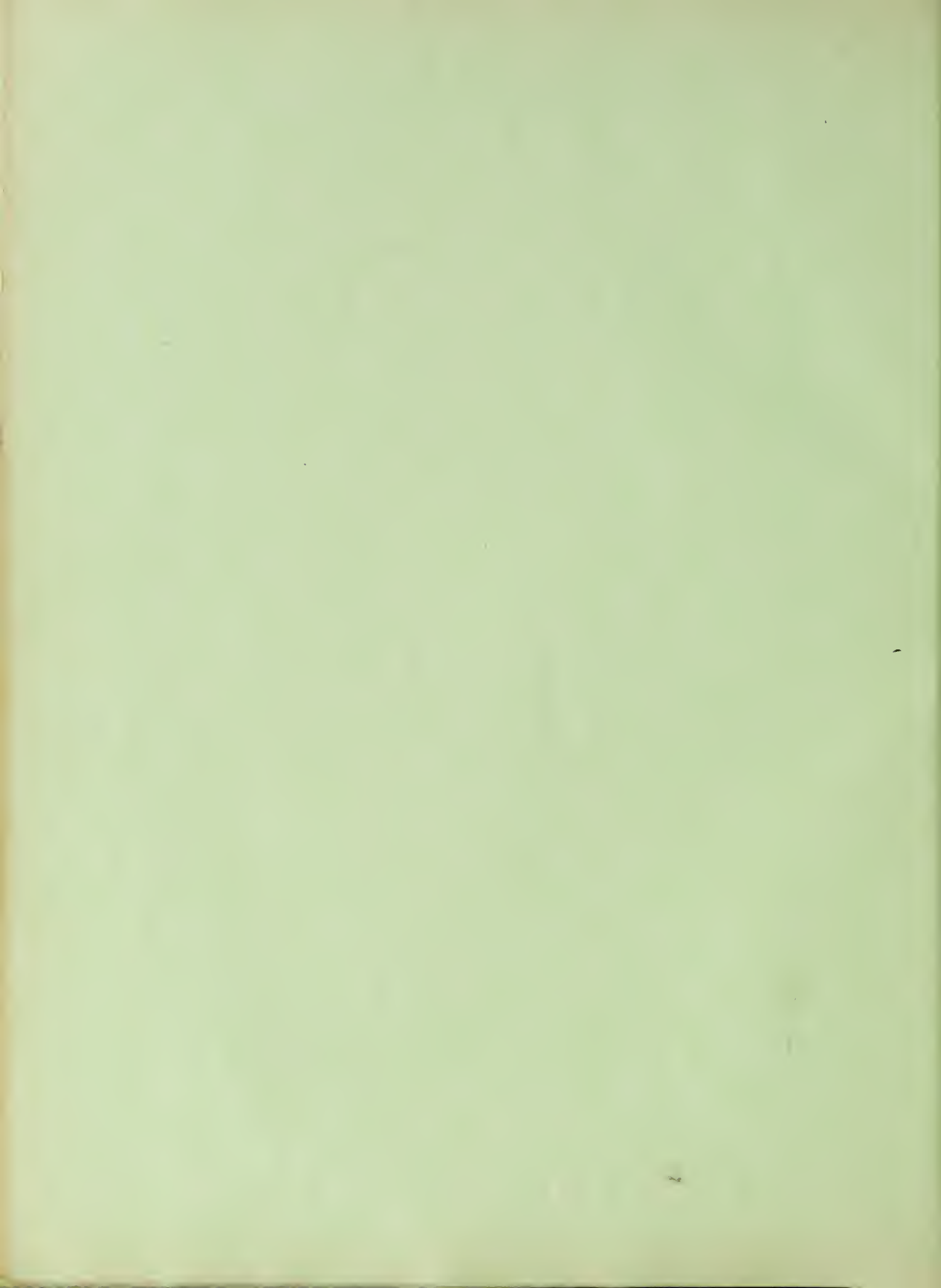
Last night you were alluring and mysterious in a smooth black gown trimmed with precious, sparkling jewels. Your crystal lavalier was most becoming.

But this morning you have a new dress of girlish blue which is simple and dainty. Smoky white flowers are fastened in your hair and skirt. A large, yellow sun-flower is carefully pinned to your belt.

I hardly know which dress is more becoming.

Anna Fredrickson





Chicken Hearted

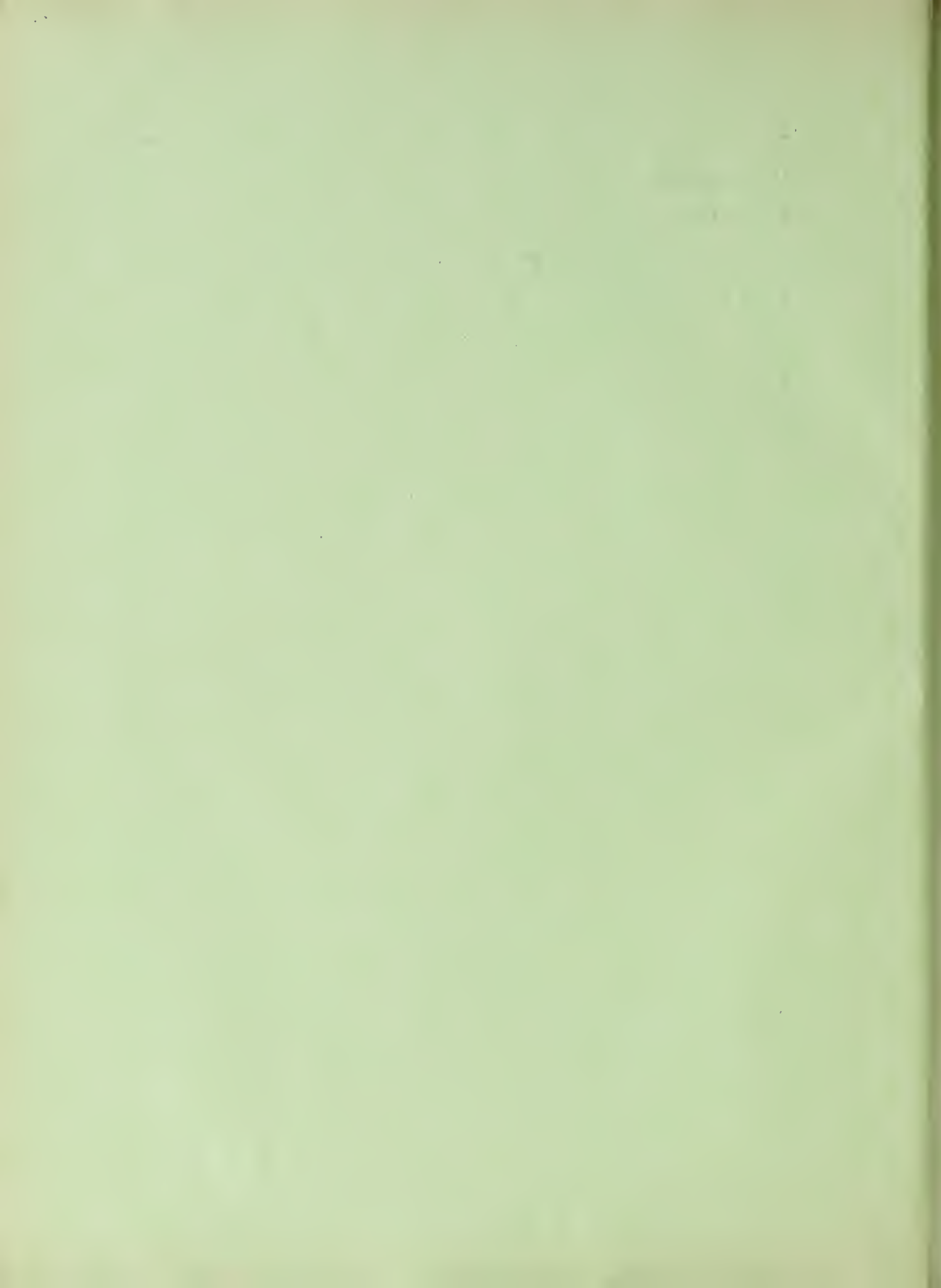
"HENRY, we're going to have the two roosters for Thanksgiving and I want you to kill them this afternoon. We're having Aunt Harriette and Uncle Carl, but the chickens will have to take the place of turkey this year."

My mother always was a practical woman and now that the Thanksgiving program had fallen to her she was going to run it in a way that would suit all of us, -- our stomachs and Dad's pocketbook.

For twenty years (as long as I can remember) the Thanksgiving feast had been held by one or the other of the grandmothers, but the year before had effected a great change in the family roll and now Mother and Dad had become the oldest generation. It was natural that they should continue the institutions that had so long been fostered by the old folk, and Thanksgiving was always a special day of celebration with the Millers and Rogerses.

I went into the cellar for the axe with a feeling of elation that the big day was so near and that the two roosters that we had been fattening since spring were to play such an important part. It took me some time to find the axe and I began to think about those two birds now strutting so freely about the yard. We were all proud of them with their air of ownership of





the place and their fine flock of fifteen hens. They were unusually large and their coloring of shiny black mixed with brown and red made them outstanding for their beauty. They each had spurs that were larger than we had ever seen before, but perhaps they were developed in their constant battling. There was always between them a spirit of jealousy -- each striving to be head of the flock -- but their battles never lasted very long. It would seem when they got started that it was a matter of life and death and for a few minutes feathers would fly; then they would go on as though nothing had happened. Thus they had found their way into the hearts of the family.

While I was thinking and sharpening the axe, my youngest brother came down to see what was going on. "Will you help me catch the roosters, Jim?" I asked in a matter-of-fact way. It was not going to be an easy thing to end the lives of those two prizes of our farm and I knew that Jim would be about the last one to give me any assistance. "We're not going to kill them," announced Jim in his deliberate manner. Even though he was only fifteen he did not seem to recognize the superiority of the eldest son and he presented a problem for me to handle.

"Mother wants some chickens for Thanksgiving dinner and those are the only two that will do. The hens are laying now and we can't sacrifice them." I knew that already I had said enough. Jim had turned and gone back upstairs.

I waited a while and went on sharpening the axe.





Voices from the upper regions came indistinctly to me and soon I had to go out to see which way the wind was blowing. As I came out the cellar door Jim was emerging from the kitchen, his face beaming with the light of victory. It had never occurred to me that Mother would change her mind, but now that the decision was reversed a great burden rolled from my heart. Arm in arm we started cheerfully for the meat market.

Henry A. Miller



The Beauty of the Mountains



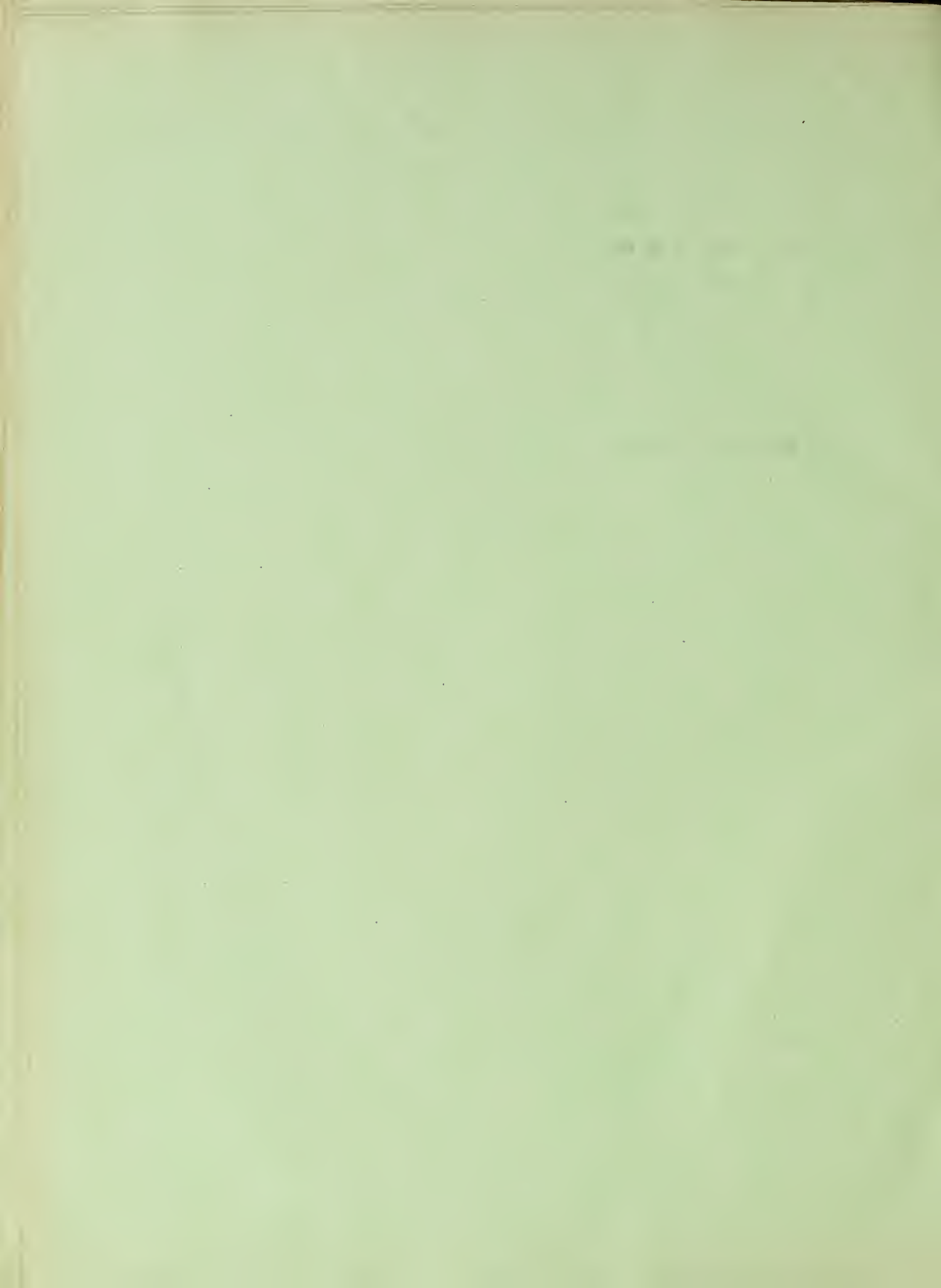
WINTER!

To the millions of urbanized Americans it suggests a season of undesirable conditions in general. Coal bills. Keeping the furnace amply supplied. Slush.

Damp, mucky streets. Trying to keep warm in scanty clothing. The fever of style has spread to the men in the past few years, and as a result winter is just one shiver after another. Coughs. Colds. Frozen radiators, drain pipes, and frozen bank accounts (especially at Christmas). But my impression of winter is vastly different, for the first thought is of the mountains. Gigantic trees standing in haughty nakedness through the chill frost and ice. Magnificent banks of snow hanging over the edges of cliffs that stretch for miles in awkward splendor. My bench-legged terrier as he beats the snow with his tail, impatient and eager for a brisk hunt. But he cannot respond to the beauty of trees, rocks, valleys, ledges, pines, and the heavy silence of forest charm. To him a bank of snow is something to romp through or a contemptible barrier in the heat of a rabbit chase.

But even though winter in the mountains is splendid, there is something about spring that puts a new song in





my heart. There is a blessing in the first green grass, another with the first buds on the trees; step by step, day by day, a new world presents to me a fullness, a bigness in the effort of nature to uplift heavy hearts. The pines seem greener, the trees burst into newness of life, flowers appear to brighten dark rich earth, and everywhere a great blanket of green is spread. The birds have a new song and many of them are different for they have been so long a part of a southern climate that the inspiration they bring with them magnifies the songs of all. My bench-legged terrier responds with a spontaneous dash through the orchard and back to stop laughingly at my feet.

Soon spring is gone and a richer view of color presents itself to me. Yes, I find that I am eager for the first fruit of summer. Fresh berries soon are placed before welcome partakers. After supper I again hike out over hills and mountains to drink into my soul the warmth of forest beauty in summer. I find myself saying to my terrier that summer is best of all. And he agrees. But not for long for fall ushers in a new realm of emotions.

Hunting. Rabbits. Turkey. Thanksgiving. My how they stir hearts to new heights. The leaves begin to deepen in color. They change from green to brown, red, pink; in every color and blending of colors they create in the forest a new picture. How full and rich are the sunsets; and I find that my



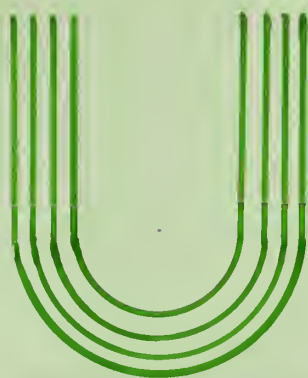
terrier is begging to be in the woods at every available time. But why has summer been so rich in splendor, fall so desirable, winter so likeable, spring so new and welcome? I believe my terrier holds the secret in his desire to be in the mountains almost all the time.

Ralph J. Marple





"Smile Please"



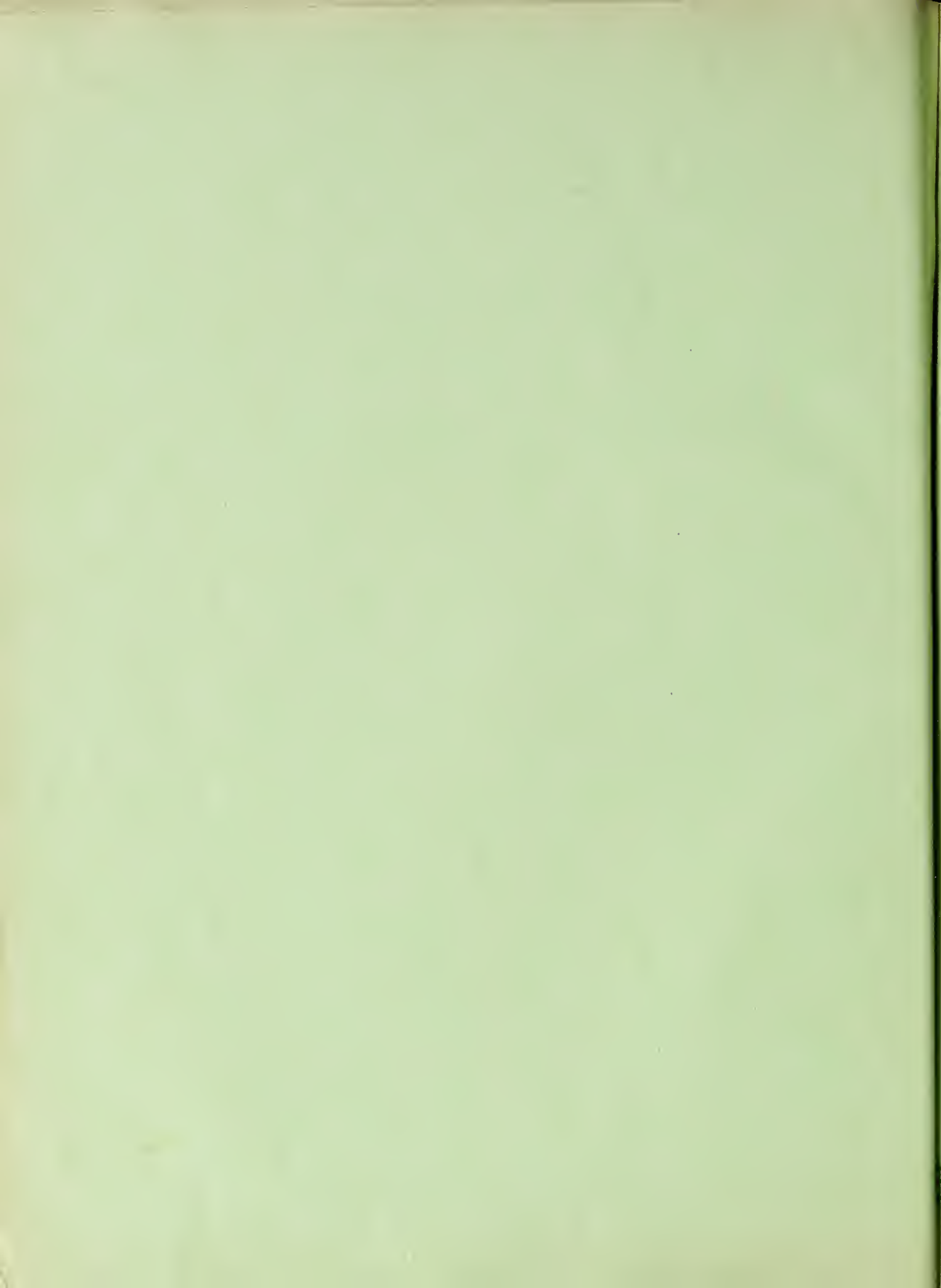
UNCONSCIOUS of the jostling crowd,

clanking street cars, and the whirr of traffic, I gazed with fascination at the display. Beautiful, coquettish young women, well dressed, romantic gentlemen, laughing, cuddly babies, distinguished professional men, and triumphant brides, resplendent in their white gowns, stared back at me. There were photographs in exquisitely wrought silver frames of every size in that velvet-lined showcase. From one picture to another I shifted my gaze and then back to the neat sign which stood in one corner. It was true that I would never be any younger. And my family should have some way in which to recall my features in case of death. Yes, today was an ideal time to have my photograph taken.

Timidly, and with some apprehension regarding the outcome of this rather daring step, I entered the studio. Photographs were everywhere. Surely I was the only one left in the city who had not patronized this artist.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Brown, this is the right day to have your sitting. You will never regret having your picture taken. As a gift it will be treasured by all who may be so fortunate as to obtain one. In the event of death a photograph





of the loved one is of inestimable value," gushed the clerk who conducted me to a small dressing room.

Already I began to have misgivings as I prepared for the sitting. Uneasily I patted my hair in order, removed the shine on my nose and adjusted the collar of my dress. In the triple mirror my reflection and profile in no way resembled those which I had seen in the showcase or studio. It was the same old face! My only hope was in the camera.

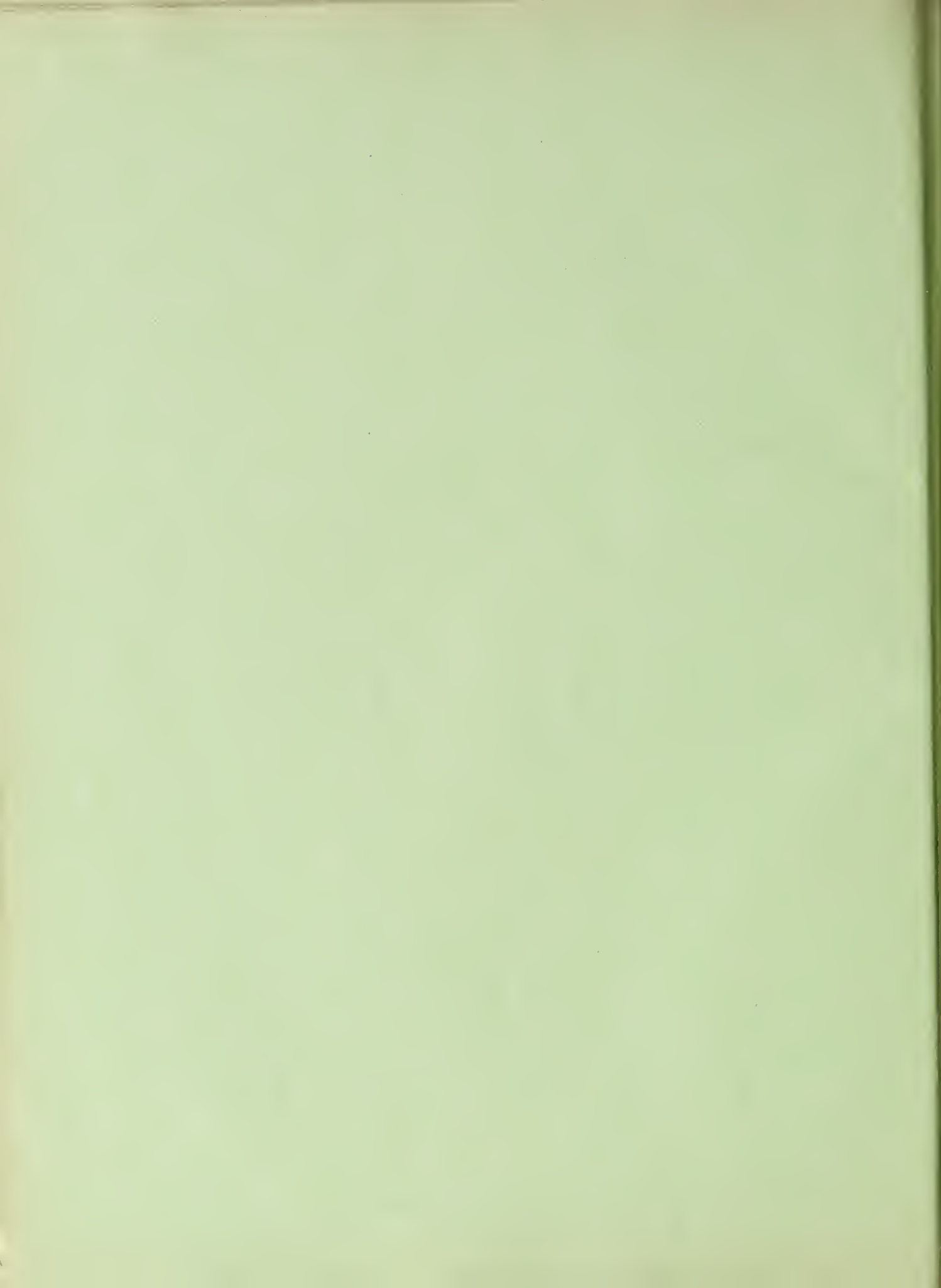
From the dressing room I was led to a large barn-like room and seated on a bench. For the next twenty minutes I experienced untold torture. First I was told to look straight ahead. I looked straight ahead. I looked to the right and then I looked to the left. My head was jerked up; it was jerked down. Order after order was fired at me. I was told to look pleasant. Was I to blame that the expression on my face was not perpetually one of blissful content?

"Relax, smile, please," commanded one of the photographers. "No, not so much, and please do relax."

Relax! As if I could have relaxed when two men appraised me as though I were a horse to be selected for a race. I attempted a smile but the effect was only a set, vacant smirk. The muscles of my face ached, my eyes smarted, and I lost complete control of my lips.

"That's fine, Miss Brown. It's all over now.





I will have some fine looking proofs for you by Friday afternoon."

What had persuaded me to have my photograph taken? I left the studio in a daze and wandered in and out of stores for thirty minutes trying to answer the question. My only consolation was that my family would never be left desolate. Were I killed on the way home they would have that photograph for which I had paid such a dear price.

Those photographs were distributed to relatives and friends by a fond mother. Being of sound judgment, the recipients of those valuable gifts have long since stored them in attic trunks. The criticisms of them were many and varied. The most painful was, "Oh, that's wonderful, it's so life-like."

That was the trouble. The photographs did look just like me.

Louise A. Dygoski



Saturday in the Cardboard Palace

This morning after returning from breakfast I came into the realization that my room was in a truly deplorable condition. On the corner of the bed were hanging shirts, coats and hats; shoes were strewn throughout the various corners of the room and some in the center of the floor. On my desk was a huge pyramid of books, note-books, magazines, scrap-paper, and numerous other miscellaneous articles. The waste paper basket was full, yes, overflowing, and scraps of paper were scattered all around the region of this container. The dresser top, coated with a layer of dust, reflected vividly the situation of neglect in the room. Well, what was I to do?

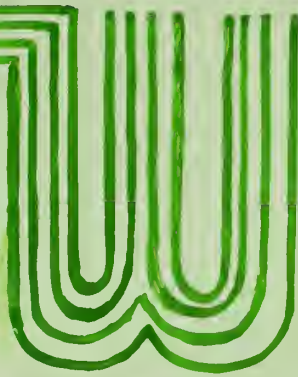
I decided that I had better seek assistance in the matter; and so I procured the aid of my roommate and the two of us indulged in a process of general house-cleaning.

Tonight my room is a thing of beauty. Order and neatness shine out from every corner. How comfortable it is to study in a really clean room!

Wayne Acton



The Church in the Pines



HIZZING along that main highway from New York to Montreal, your mind intent on business and your eyes fixed on the road, you would probably never notice my little church. It stands back from the road among the evergreens with which it harmonizes in color. But if you became acquainted with it, for to me it seems to be almost a personality, you would long cherish its memory in your heart.

It was late spring when I first came to my little church. The maples and birches were taking off their winter jackets and shaking out their new green dresses. The evergreens seemed greener and even the weather-beaten paint on the church had a new appearance in keeping with the season. Close behind the church was one of nature's secret chambers to which a very few had found the key. The tiny emerald mosses formed a carpet whose pattern was woven of little blue and white violets and delicate lady's slippers in orchid and pink. On the steps of the church were gathered a group of young people who reflected the spring in their bright dresses, gay laughter, and happy chatter. My first impression was that spring was more beautiful here than in any other place I had ever seen.

On a long warm Sunday afternoon, when it seemed



as though I could sleep on and on, I lay under the trees after eating my lunch. The people had gone quietly home after the service and it seemed as though even the guardian angel on the only stained glass window had also closed her eyes and was sleeping under the spell of summer. As I too drifted off to sleep I thought, "Could any season be more pleasant here?"

But October came suddenly in all its glory and splendor on my little church. The arm-loads of leaves brought by the people transformed the church into a cathedral hung with beautiful tapestry. The air was filled with the praise of these busy farmer folk who had stopped to thank the creator for the plenteous harvest. The little church was glorious in autumn!


And yet came the yuletide season. The Christmas tree had been cut, drawn in, and set up. The happy children jostled one another on this happy evening in an effort to guess the contents of the packages hanging from the tree. In perfect unison our voices joined in caroling "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." Outside was a clear, white stillness broken only by the snap of a frosty twig and a distant sleigh bell. On this night, Christ the Lord was born again in the hearts of those gathered in the little church.

Whether spring or autumn, summer or winter, my little church in the wildwood will ever be the most beautiful place in the world to me.

Violet Weightman



"Richie"



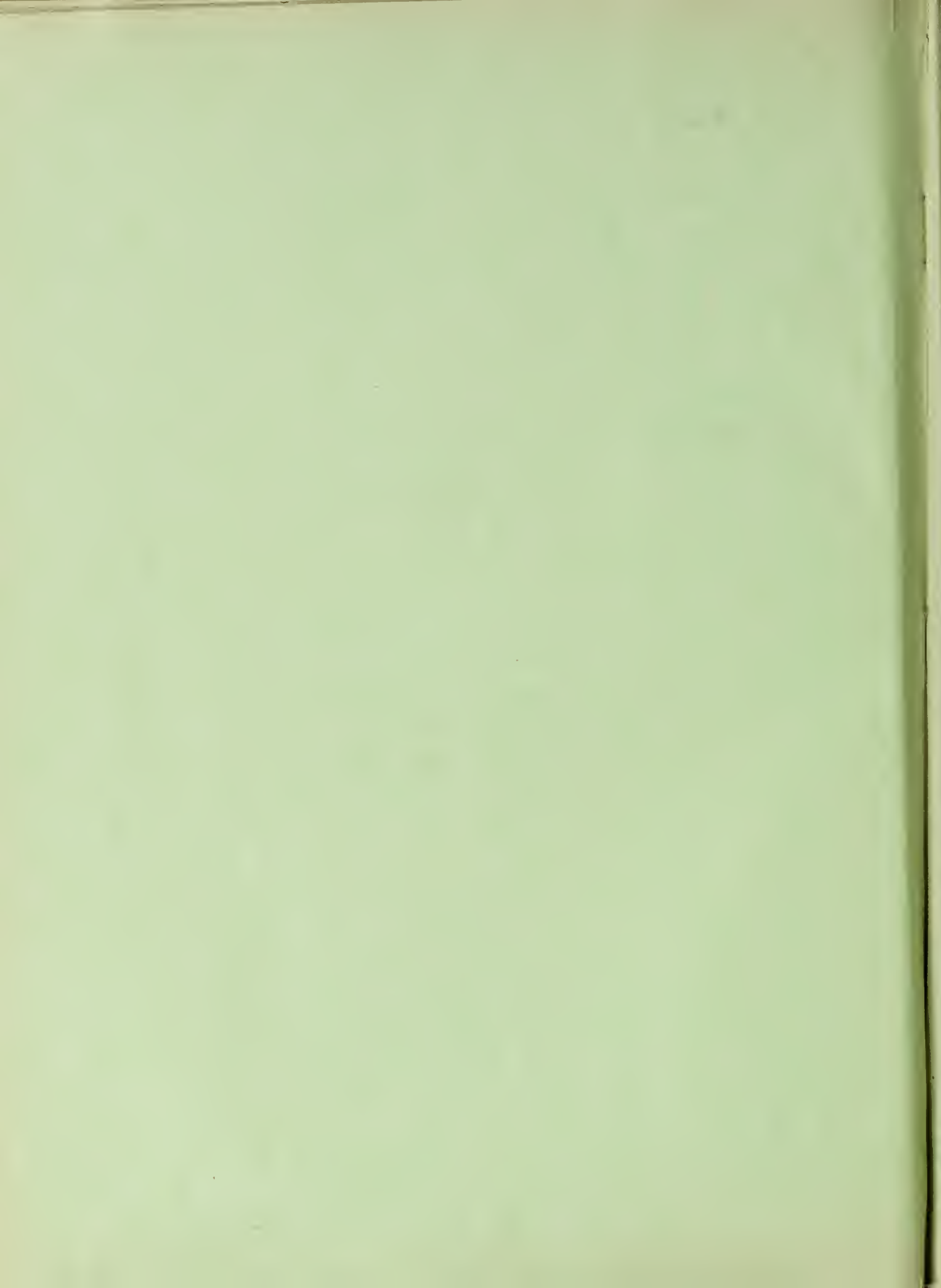
He is my brother but I must take my parents' word for it. I can see nothing about his personality that is anything like the make-up of the other members of my family.

His name is Richard but I know him now only by his nickname, "Richie." He is a big "kid," sixteen years of age, and has the appearance of a full-grown man. His associates are about the same age as he is but they are "little kids" in comparison with him.

When he was a child his nose was broken and it was never straightened. The sandy blonde hair that hangs carelessly over his forehead, the twinkle in his blue eyes, the broad smile that uncovers sparkling white teeth, hide the facial defect and also add to his jovial personality. The curl in his lip, the lower one, seems acquired, for I never noticed it there when he was younger.

I am beginning to believe that all stout people are generous and good-natured. He exceeds in these traits. There was a time when I would argue with him, but from experience I have learned other methods to receive satisfaction. He interprets my questioning as if I was trying to be the "big shot" and





"boss"him.

I remember when I was in high school, my first year, how he would laugh at the way I would dress. I would want my starched collars and a press in my trousers and always my hair would be wet to keep it combed smoothly; but now he is in high school and it is my turn to laugh.

Procrastinate means to delay, put off until tomorrow. "Richie excels in this trait, but tomorrow never comes with him. He seems to be lazy. When he likes to do something he can do it and do it well, but on the other hand - oh - oh. Of course he has never had obligations except those at school. He is like every other happy-go-lucky boy in the universe.

There is one thing that I have noticed and that is his "dump picking." He likes to store away paper of all kinds, especially blank paper. I don't know why but he never uses it. He has his reason, no doubt, but we'll never know.


To speak of habits, well, Richie is a good boy. I know of none better. He is serious at times but I see him in such a state only when he is asleep.

Before many years pass he will taste the bitter with the sweet and carry the yoke for miles without complaining. I will then tell you about a MAN we call RICHARD.

John Marten.



A-Skiing I Would Go



HAVE you ever had the thrill of gliding swiftly along over fluffy sparkling snow on skis? Skiing is a wonderful sport and everyone ought to try it at least once in his life. I have never found any sport more thrilling or daring than cross-country skiing.

One day my brother "Ray" and I started on a twenty mile trip to our uncle's house. It was early in the morning and the air was icy cold. The sun, just coming over the hills, shone a million scintillating lights. We were going straight towards the sun and the blinding whiteness flashed into our eyes as if to scorch them.

After a few miles had been covered the chill was driven from our bodies and we were fairly well warmed up to the exercise. The hills were soon reached and then we began a laborious and seemingly endless task of climbing them. Up, up, up we went until our legs were ready to drop from the weariness. It seemed that we would never reach the top. Finally, however, we gained the ascent of the highest hill and paused to view the country before us.

It seemed that the whole world was covered with a blanket of blinding brightness. All we could see was snow. Far, far in the distance a whisp of smoke curled up towards the sky.



It was the only thing that could be seen in motion in the blueness of the sky or in the whiteness of the ground.

We stood there a few moments without uttering a word. Young as we were we felt some of the magnitude of the beauty of God's hand.

Then, realizing that we were worn out, we sat down to rest for the swift flight that was before us. We had never come over the hills to our uncle's before and we hesitated before starting down that long descent.

But we were hungry; so side by side we started, after making sure that our skiis were strapped on tight. That ride on the wings of the wind I shall never forget. Faster and faster we went. I regretted then the folly of waxing my skiis so well before I left the house. I knew Ray wasn't along side of me and guessed that he had fallen back. I tried to remember how I should hold my body but all I could think of was falling. It seemed to me that I was thundering along like an express train. The skiis made a sharp hissing noise on the snow. The wind roared in my ears like a gale. My cheeks were wet from tears forced out by the speed. I didn't have a chance to look at anything to my right or left. Every once in a while I would hit a drift in the snow and I would think for sure that my last minute had come on this earth.

On, on, on I went at terrific speed. I waited for a



let-down but it never came. Finally, just when I knew that I couldn't hold out much longer I felt a lessening of speed. I was out on a horizontal plane once more. The going became slower and I felt that I was now no longer flying. I straightened my bent knees that were stiff from the long strain and started to brush away the tears from my eyes. Alas! alas! A sad ending for a happy journey. Over I went into the snow. The next thing I knew my brother was digging me out of an eight foot snow drift.

But it was worth it.

Frederick Lunn



The Good Old Days

Freshman, do you recall in the dim, dark past the days in which we were privileged to eat all that we wanted and to sleep at least nine hours every night? That period in our lives might well be called an age when we entertained unawares the angel of golden opportunities. Instead of taking advantage of our comfortable beds we dashed thither and yon, retiring only to avoid a lengthy discourse on the effects of late hours on the human body. How little we thought that some day we would long, until we fairly ached, for only one night of rest on those beds. Nor did we appreciate the attention shown to our fickle appetites by solicitous mothers. The slabs of butter we spread over our bread and potatoes were bare necessities. We took, as a matter of course, our second helpings of pie, cake, and puddings. It never occurred to us that at some future date a second helping of dessert would be nothing less than a phenomenon. And do you remember the stormy nights when we lounged on divans leisurely reading novels without thinking of eight hundred words to be juggled into book reports? We could even walk the streets like respected citizens, without muttering to ourselves, "je ne sais pas, tu ne sais pas, il ne sait pas".

Ah, those good old days! But in spite of staggering assignments, sleepless nights, and scant desserts we love these days.

Louise A. Dygowski









*"Laughter is
indispensible to the
health of the body
and soul."*

— ALDOUS HUXLEY

Daily themes are nice when one

is witty,

Compliments are nice when one is

pretty;

But when one has neither wit nor

beauty,

Daily themes become a tiresome

duty.



Prof. Spangenberg--(In Rhetoric after giving a lengthy assignment)
 "It makes me blush to give you such a short assignment". Tut, tut,
 Prof., don't blush again.

A. Visscher--"This joke ought to be good. I've had it in my head for
 four years."

M. J. Sloan--"Sort of aged in the wood, so to speak."

J. Shaw--"Do you ever peek through the key-hole when I'm sitting in
 the parlor with Emma?"

Dorothy--"Sometimes when Miss Amos isn't."

Prof. Munro--"Use the word 'torturous' in a sentence, please."

H. Smith--"I torturous gonna give us a vacation today."

R. Lanpher--"Do you know the difference between a taxi and bus?"

Chippie--"No."

R. Lanpher--"Fine. We'll take the bus, then."

H. Lewis--"I never associate with my inferiors, do you?"

Red Drake--"I don't know, I never met any of your inferiors."

Prof. Marquart--"What's a saw-horse?"

D. Griffin--"Past tense of a sea-horse."

Prof. D'Arcy--"Have any of your childhood hopes come true or been realized?"

Prof. Mingledorff--"Yes. When mother used to pull my hair I wished I did-
 n't have any."

Gradisher--"What is meant by seasoned troops?"

Quiggan--"Mustard by the officers and peppered by the enemy."

D. Strong--"Shall I tell you what you are?"

V. Weightman--"If you do you will get a black eye." (Don't be so harsh
 on him)

Prof. Garrison--"Where do bugs go in the winter?"

L. Smith--"Search me."

E. Moran--"Do you like the name Smith?"

A. Fallon--"No, I'M going to change it too. (Watch out, Essie)

Scottie--"Chet's wrestling with his conscience."

S. Moulton--"Yeah-a featherweight match."



N. Crean--(After that famous football game)"Oh, John, what an awful gash on your head."

J. Andree--"Oh, next to nothing, next to nothing."

Bob M.--"Ouch, I bumped my crazy bone!"

H. Miller--"Comb your hair right. It won't show."

Phelma Shaffer--"Don't get in my way, Ruth Schaffer. Don't you know that a Freshman is the small end of nothing sharpened down to a fine point."

J. Martin--"May I hold your hand?"

Edie P.--"It isn't heavy. I can manage it."

Glenna B.--"I'd like to see something cheap in a felt hat."

Clerk--"Try this on. The mirror's at your left."

Prof. Williamson--"And what do you sing, young man--tenor?"

Kleppinger--"No, shortstop."

Prof. W.--"Shortstop?"

Kleppinger--"Yes, between second and third bass."

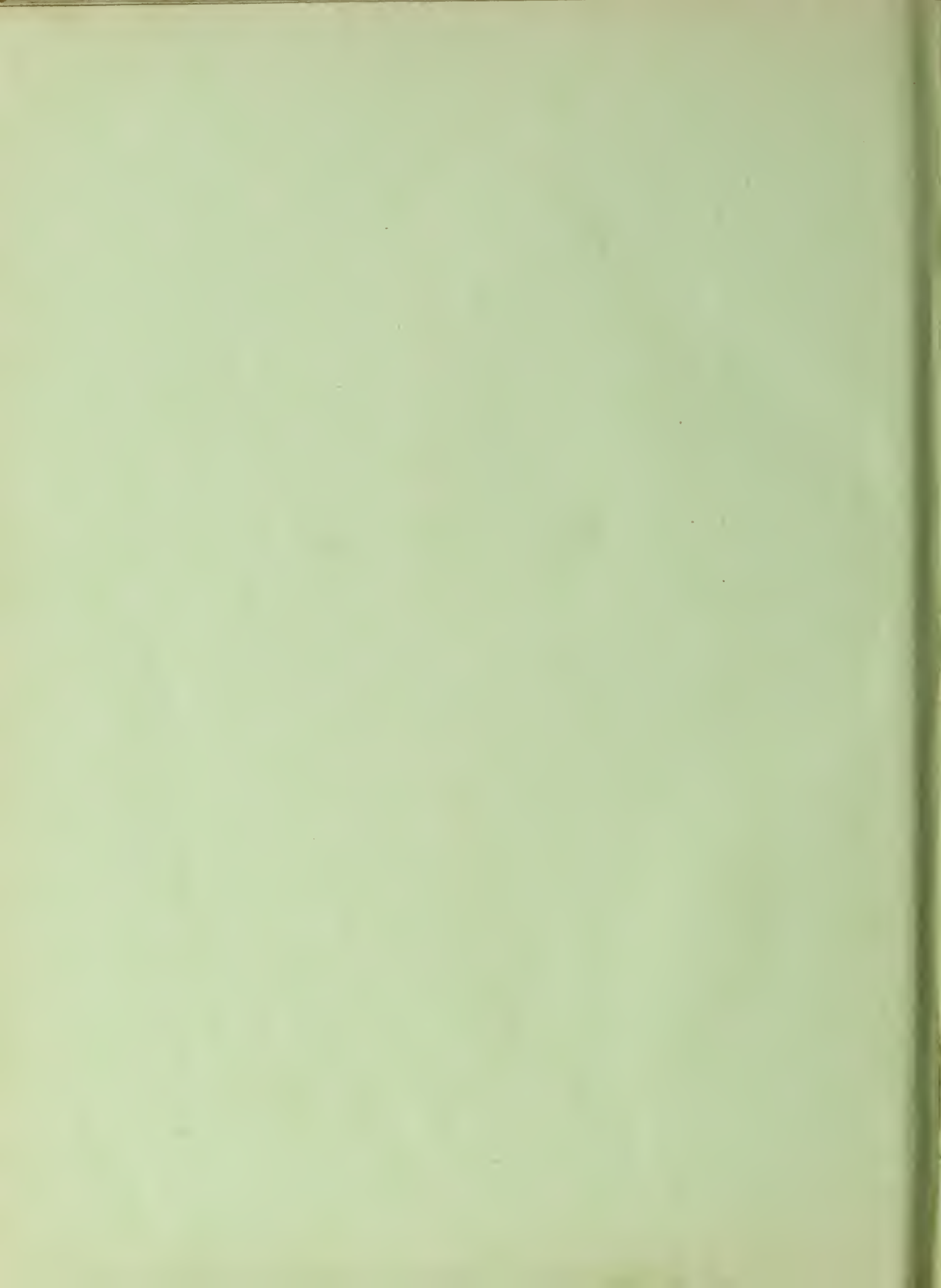
Prof. Griffin--"Are you a plumber?"

Abbott--"Yes, sir."

Prof. Griffin--"Well, be careful about your work. The gym floor is highly polished and in excellent condition."

Abbott--"Don't worry about me, Dean. I won't slip. I've got nails in my shoes."





C Activities



- Sept. 11 In the evening members of the faculty say to one another, "I can't remember names"; because new students are over 100 strong.
- Sept. 12 Opening convention begins.
- Sept. 13 New students seriously contemplating studying their first "heavy" assignments.
- Sept. 15 League of Evangelical Students organized.
- Sept. 16 A good noon meal encourages us that "the worst is yet to come."
- Sept. 17 We receive a leaflet of college regulations. Rev. Major tells of John Warren's book - "My first four years of Latin I."
- Sept. 18 President Gardner interprets the regulations. Freshman election at 8:30 P. M.
- Sept. 21 We Freshmen are green during the day, and black at night, remember?
- Sept. 22 "Boss" Babcock breaking boulders and batching cement for the walk between the "Ad" building and Elm Avenue.
- Sept. 27 Student council and Men's A.A. getting under way. Hurrah!
- Sept. 28 Oxford and Nobel Literary Societies give joint program.
- Sept. 29 Dean Earle, says we can have an extra hours' sleep tonite, imagine!
- Sept. 30 Maximum sermon on "Minimum and Maximum Christianity".
- Oct. 1 Prof. Span says Freshmen should be "so full of their subject that they'd rather die than write it" - didn't she?
- Oct. 2 Prof. Cove asks for "Three young men and Mr. Phillips" to distribute ballots.
- Oct. 3 Prof. Marquart is ill (all week).
- Oct. 5 F.E.N.C. program: Senior vs. Faculty.
- Oct. 6 Wayne Acton is said to be the best chaperone in the freshman class - wonder why?



- Oct. 7 Group #1 of the L.E.S. including Celia Mooshian is almost incarcerated in Essex County Prison. Missionary convention starts.
- Oct. 9 No studies this P.M. Ball game too exciting. St. Louis 11 - Detroit 0
- Oct. 11 Miss Lovelace here today. 18 cows over the water.
- Oct. 12 All things come to those who wait, but we wish Columbus had come oftener.
- Oct. 16 Rev. Thomas, the boy evangelist, in chapel today.
- Oct. 19 Edwin Markham delights us, all except Pres. Gardner whom he thought to be the gardner of the campus. Really now!
- Oct. 20 Prof. Mann's proteges entertained at Stan Moulton's home.
- Oct. 22 Echoes in chapel of the L.E.S. meeting in Lynn, Mass.
- Oct. 23 Prof. Arthur Savage illustrates saturation. We admire his christian zeal.
- Oct. 24 Did you see or hear the Juliets outside the C.B.P. this eve.? Tiny Romeo unresponsive.
- Oct. 25 Prof. Mingledorff tells that he lost his hair between his 21st and 22nd birthdays. He says he laughed it off! (Perhaps he was so glad he could vote.)
- Oct. 26 Serious and Frivilous - Homage paid to late President Floyd W. Nease. Y.W.A.A. entertainment in evening.
- Oct. 29 Scarecrows, Strawberries, and Blackbirds.
- Oct. 30 Freshman hike. Ideal weather.
- Oct. 31 Violet Weightman works in kitchen. She makes birthday cakes for Emma Phillips, Leah Amos, Howard Fields. Henry Koehler and Helen Silverbrand also celebrate birthdays today.
- Nov. 2 For Quincy Drys - no compromise - VOTE "NO".
- Nov. 3 Revival begins with Rev. S.S. White of Canton, Ohio, as evangelist.
- Nov. 4 Pungent Puns Pertain Pointedly to Precious People, eh? Read on.
- Nov. 5 6:30 P.M. Everybody happy. 7:30 P.M. everybody otherwise. Colored cards distributed in the Registrar's office in the meantime.



- Nov. 6 Emma Phillips, Leah Amos, Howard Fields, and I are still alive.
- Nov. 7 Prof. Cripps in D. Latin: "The horse is friendly to the girl, Mr. Kelloway." (wonder is her name is Jeanette?O
- Nov. 8 Howard Lewises his Manly Book according to the Bulletin Board.
- Nov. 9 Homer's myth says "Hairy Radish - er - now when you get tired, my boy, you can sod down awhile". Oh! you campus gang.
- Nov. 10 The red cedars by the "Ad" building are, are, well - you choose the adjective.
- Nov. 12 No school, Armistice Day is celebrated, but the football score is 18 to 6.
- Nov. 13 Winter is in the air whether you think so or not.
- Nov. 14 Sister Domingos speaks in prayer meeting.
- Nov. 15 The girl's dormitory is no longer a Henmery.
- Nov. 16 The class was discussing meals in tablet form. Henry Hadley: "They wouldn't be able to chew - ". Prof. Marquart: "I think the American practice of chewing the rag would take care of that".
- Nov. 17 Historical Society Tour. Weather man very generous today.
- Nov. 18 Mr. Kaufman's speech in chapel pleases Prof. Span among others.
- Nov. 20 Prof. LaRoque becomes Debating coach at E.N.C.
- Nov. 21 Big L.E.S. meeting. "Every member present or accounted for, sir."
- Nov. 23 Football game. Score 24-6
- Nov. 24 Light again penetrates the washed chapel windows.
- Nov. 26 Awhale of a sermon on Jonah. We want Martin!
- Nov. 28 Green Book ready for the book binders, that's why the staff will enjoy Thanksgiving.

Photogravure

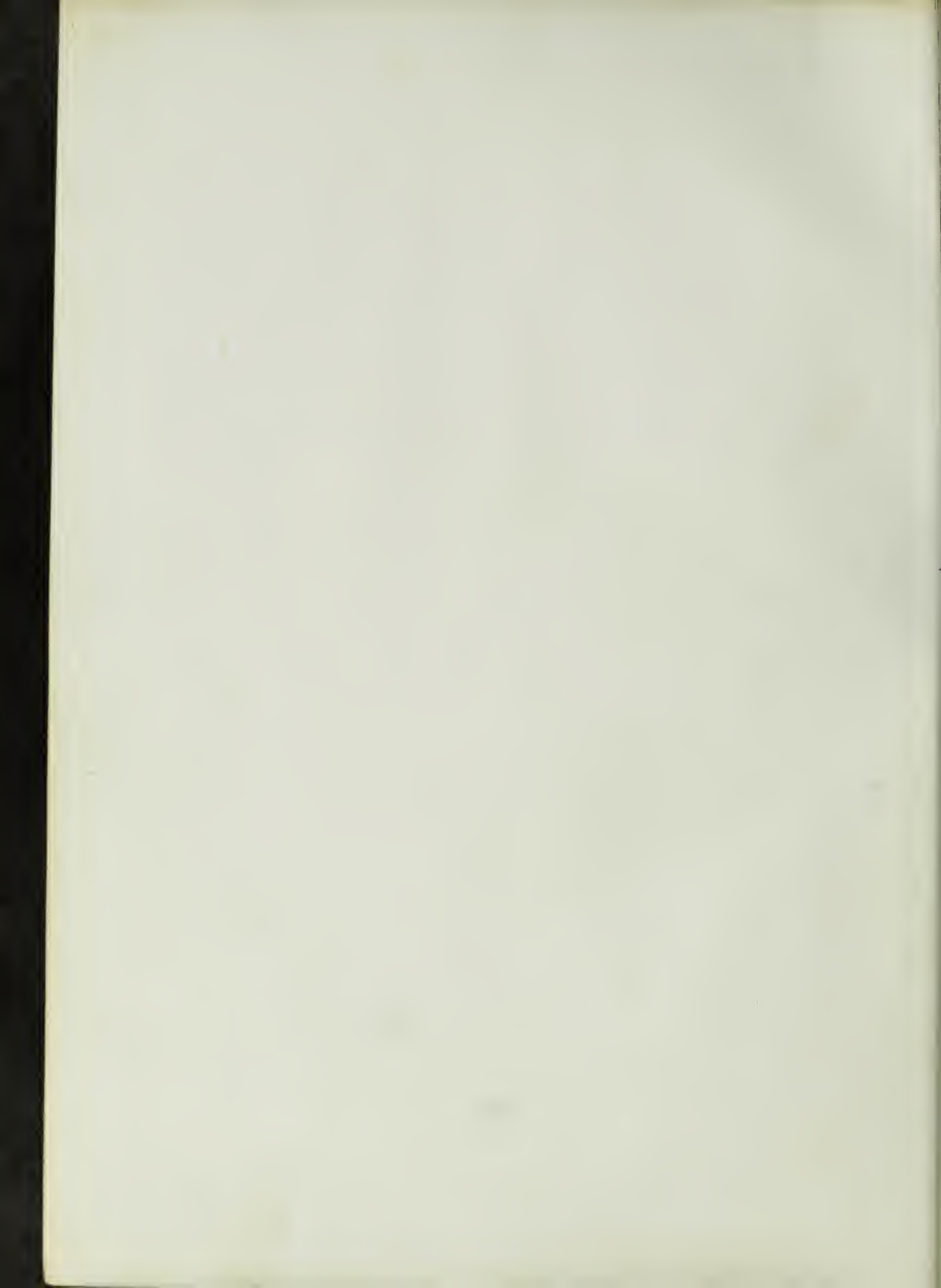




Rhetoric Class - Section I.

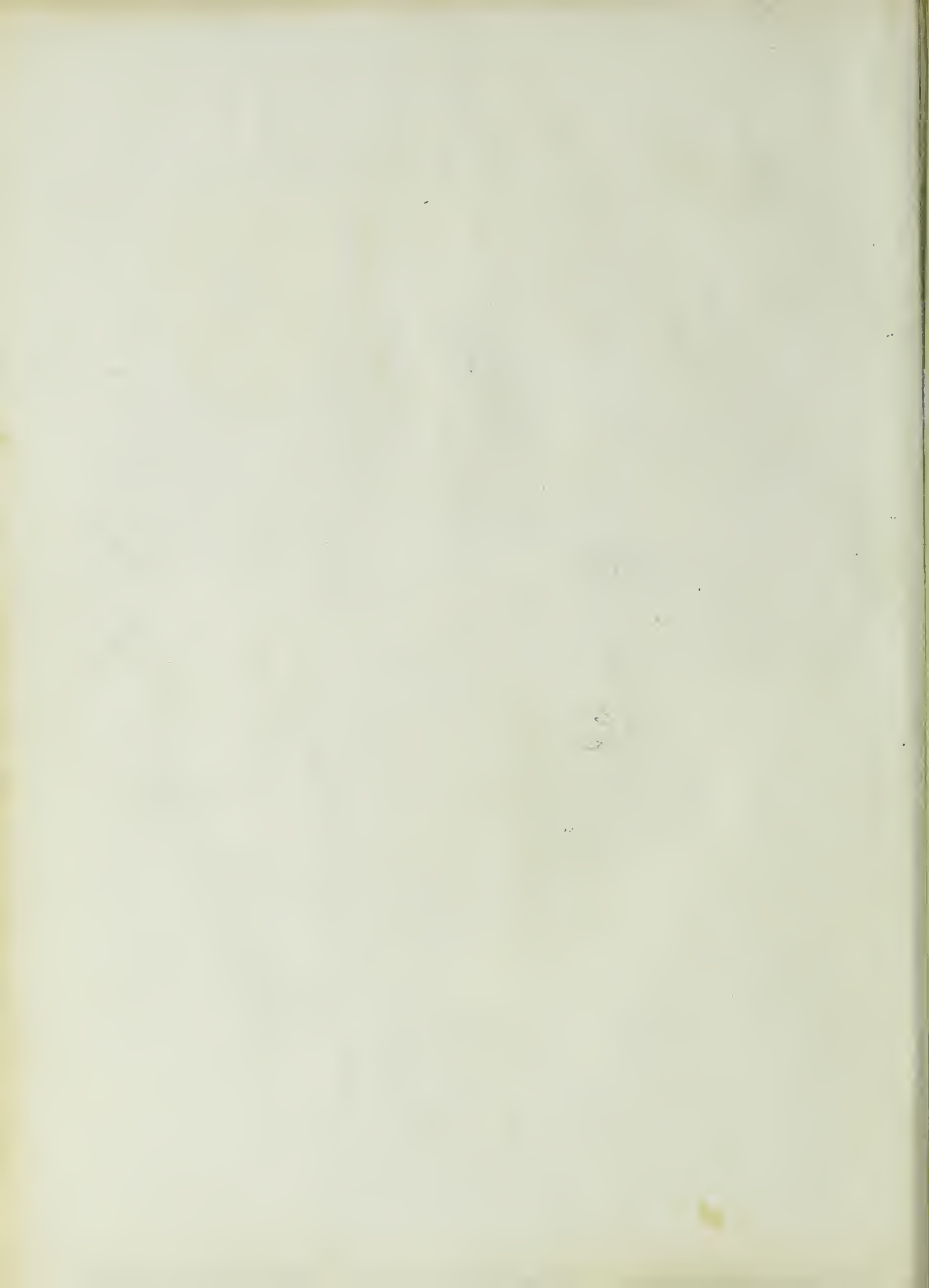


Rhetoric Class Section II.



Historical Views



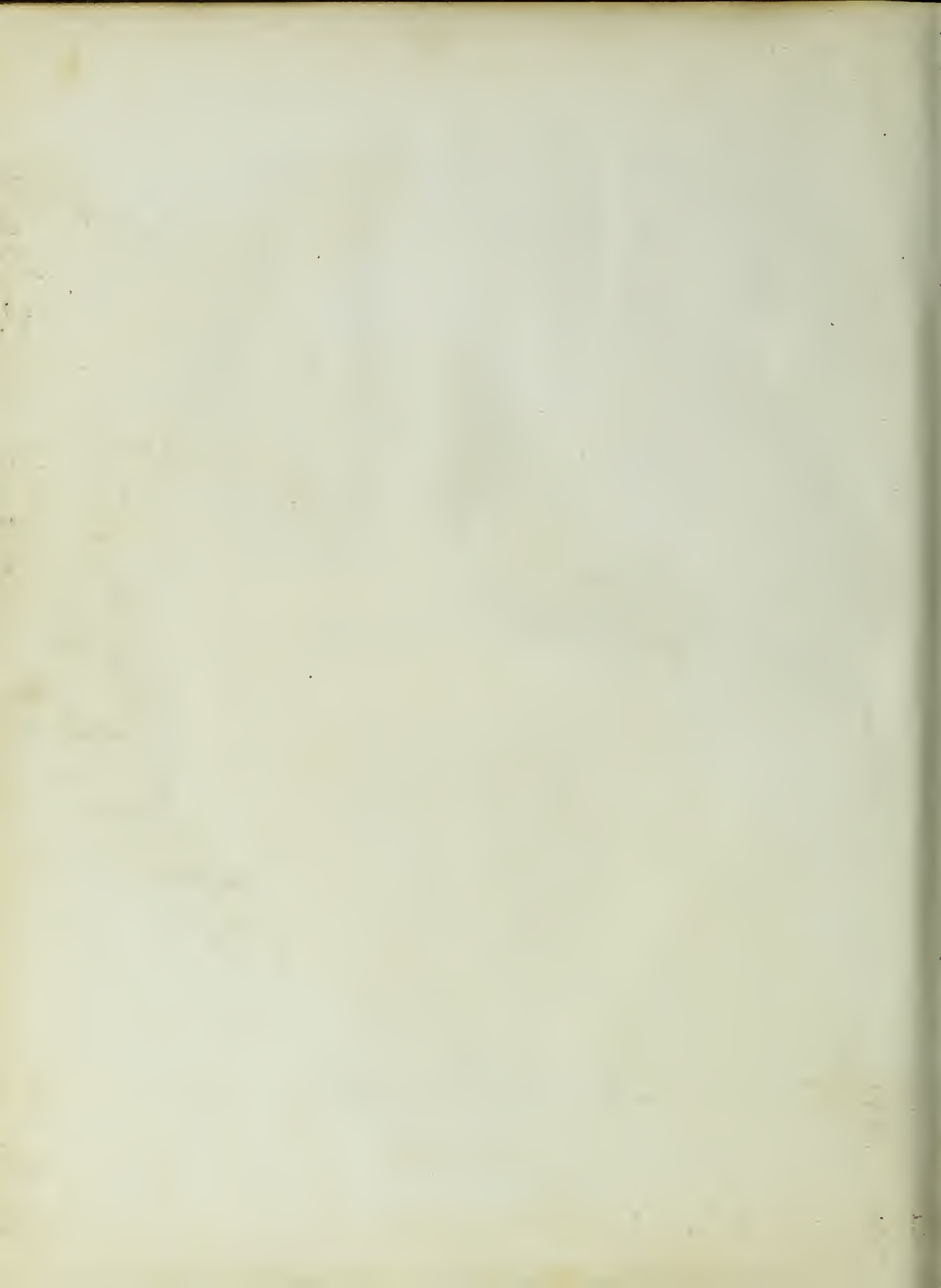




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Our President







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